

Good Citizen

BY DEVON BALWIT

Shoulder slung against flood,
you haul and fill bags, old heart
not quite up to the task. A trooper, though,
you evade the knacker through effort,
the shuck of the shovel in, and the shloop
before knotting each neck. Lost youth
rises like a hard-on in the gathering
storm clouds, the uptick in wind.
You tremble as you fill the fiftieth,
the fifty-fifth. When you stagger against
your neighbor, he stands you back upright.
The contact feels good.



#MMPPisLIT

www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com